

Thomas The Tank Engine and Friends Season 8 Transcript

Thomas and the Tuba

It was a beautiful morning on the Island of Sodor. And it was Lady Hatt's birthday. She was having a special party. There were cakes, and balloons, and even a merry-go-round. But the most exciting of all was the brass band. It was coming from the mainland to play at the party. The Fat Controller came to Tidmouth Sheds. "Thomas! You are to collect the brass band!"

"Thank you, sir!" Said Thomas. James and Gordon were upset. They wanted to collect the brass band themselves. Thomas puffed happily across the island. And into Knapford Station. The brass band climbed aboard Thomas, and he raced away. But Thomas was so excited, he pulled away too soon. The tuba player was left behind. Thomas steamed off to Maithwaite Station, and the brass band assembled on the platform. Suddenly, the bandleader cried out. "Where is the tuba player?!" He wailed. "We cannot play without him!" No one knew where the tuba player was. "I'm sorry, sir!" Gasped Thomas. "I must have left him behind!" Thomas race back to Knapford Station, but the tuba player wasn't at Knapford Station. He was waiting for Bertie the Bus. Bertie pulled up beside the tuba player. "Can you take me to the party?" He asked. "I'll take you as far as I can!" Said Bertie. Thomas arrived at Knapford Station and couldn't see the tuba player anywhere. "The tuba player is lost!" Moaned Thomas. "And it's all my fault!" Thomas raced from station to station. "Must find him! Must find him!" He puffed. "Where could he be?" Bertie had dropped the tuba player off. "Bye bye!" He called cheerfully. "Thank you! Said the tuba player, and he waited for another ride. He didn't have to wait long. Elizabeth the Vintage Lorry pulled up. "I can take you as far as the flour mill." She boomed. "Thank you!" Said the tuba player. He climbed on to Elizabeth's wagon, and he practised his tuba as they chuffed down the lane. Thomas puffed faster and fast. Where was the tuba player? Thomas flew right across the level crossing. He didn't see Elizabeth waiting there, or the tuba player on her flatbed, and he didn't hear the tuba playing. "Where could the tuba player be...?" Thomas moaned. Elizabeth took the tuba player all the way to the mill. "There you are, young man!" She puffed. "Trevor will take you from here!" The tuba player thanked Elizabeth, and climbed aboard Trevor. Trevor chugged slowly down the lane. Thomas kept on looking, but the island was very big, and the tuba player was very small. Thomas looked behind trucks, and called into carriages. He raced along the main line tooting all the way. Where was the tuba player? Thomas raced into the yard. Percy was coming the other way. Thomas bumped straight into Percy and the bunting flew up in the air. Percy's trucks came off the track, and so did Thomas. "You've spilt my bunting!" Moaned Percy. "I'll never find the tuba player now!" Groaned Thomas. Harvey arrived to clear the track for Thomas. "Mmm... How did you get into this mess?" He boomed. "I was looking for the tuba player!" Moaned Thomas. "Hm... Look, and listen..." He said thoughtfully. "If he's a tuba player, he might be playing the tuba." So Thomas took his time. And he listened very carefully. Then, he heard it: the sound of a tuba playing in the distance. Trevor was chugging down the lane. He was enjoying the tuba player's music. Thomas pulled up. He was pleased to see the tuba player. "I've been looking for you everywhere!" He puffed. With the tuba player safely onboard, Thomas steamed off to Maithwaite as fast as he could. Thomas arrived at the party just in time. The band played beautifully. Lady Hatt was very happy. It was the best birthday party ever!

Percy's New Whistle

It was winter. A thick blanket of snow lay over the Island of Sodor. All the engines were busy carrying passengers and goods from station to station. Sometimes they need to warn people they are coming, so steam engines blow their whistles, and diesel engines sound their electric horns. One day, Percy took some trucks to the smelters yard. He whistled hello to 'Arry and Bert. But 'Arry and Bert laughed. "Call that a whistle?" Chortled Bert. "Just listen to this!" "Diesels can do everything better than steamies!" They sneered. "My whistle's as good as your horns!" Puffed Percy crossly. "Just you wait and see!" Percy practised loud whistling. He blew louder, and louder, and louder! At last, he was ready to surprise 'Arry and Bert. Later, Percy went back to the quarry. He rolled up behind 'Arry and Bert, took an extra big puff, and blew as loudly as he could! 'Arry and Bert were surprised.

"I told you my whistle is as good as your silly old honky horns!"

Laughed Percy. Now that he had a super loud whistle, Percy couldn't wait to use it again. When he saw Thomas in the sidings, he took a big puff, and blew as loud as he could. Thomas was cross. "That wasn't funny!" He sniffed. But Percy didn't notice. He was too busy having fun. Percy saw Bertie the Bus. He took another big puff, and blew! Bertie skidded all over the road. "Percy!" He cried crossly. He had nearly caused an accident, but Percy had already chuffed away. That evening, Thomas told Percy to stop surprising his friends. "You made Bertie skid across the road, and my trucks got damaged!" Said Thomas. Percy was sorry. "I won't do it again!" He wailed. "I promise!" But the next day, Percy was bringing the milk train from the dairy. "I wish I could have one more loud whistle..." He said to himself. He couldn't see any people, or engines. But there was something else Percy couldn't see... Trevor the Traction Engine was taking food to the farm animals. With snow on the ground, they couldn't find any grass to eat. Percy took his biggest puff of all, and blew! Trevor was so surprised his trailer bumped into a pile of logs. A log fell off and rolled down the hill. Snow stuck to the log. It turned into a snowball. The snowball got bigger and bigger... Percy was enjoying himself, until he saw the snowball. "Oh no!" Cried Percy. Luckily no one was hurt, but his driver was cross. "Now I will have to go for help!" He said. Percy waited in the cold. His funnel was freezing and his axles were shivering. At last, Thomas arrived, with the Fat Controller. He was very cross indeed... "Whistles are for safety!" He told Percy. "NOT for playing games! You must only use your whistle when the time is right." "Yes, sir..." Shivered Percy, and he promised to use his whistle properly from now on. The next day, Percy was a very quiet engine indeed. He didn't use his whistle once. But as Percy came out of the tunnel, he gasped. A big snowdrift had slipped onto the tracks. Percy heard Thomas. He was heading straight for the snowdrift. If he did not stop in time, he would have an accident. "I must warn him!" Cried Percy. Percy took the biggest puff he had ever taken, and he blew the loudest whistle he had ever blown. "Something must be wrong!" Cried Thomas, and he applied his brakes just in time. "Cinders and ashes!" He gasped. "Thank you, Percy!" That evening, the Fat Controller came to the sheds. "Well done, Percy!" He boomed. "You blew your whistle at the right time and saved Thomas from an accident. You are a really useful engine, and a safe one!" Percy was so proud, his firebox tingled. Percy uses his whistle safely now, and all his friends are glad to see him.

Thomas to the Rescue

It was a busy, bustling day on the Island of Sodor. All over the island, steam engines and diesel engines were happily working together. The Fat Controller came to see Thomas.

"The quarry has an important order to fill." Said the Fat Controller. "I need an engine that is both useful and reliable." "I won't let you down, sir!" Whistled Thomas proudly. But when Thomas arrived at the quarry, he had a nasty surprise. "Oh it's you..." Oiled Diesel. "What are doing here?" "I'm here to help Mavis!" Puffed Thomas proudly. "Steamies can't help, not like a diesel!" He sniffed. "That's not true!" Said Thomas crossly, and he began working at once. But Diesel was soon up to his old tricks... First, he shunted Thomas under the hopper. "Cinders and ashes!" Spluttered Thomas. Then, when Thomas let off steam, Diesel sniffed loudly.

"What's that horrible smell?!" He cried. "Oh, it's just the stinky old steam engine!" "How rude!" Exclaimed Thomas. "No wonder the Fat Controller is thinking of scrapping steamies..."

"I don't believe you!" Huffed Thomas. But he was upset. That night, Thomas stayed at the quarry, but he couldn't sleep. "What if Diesel is right?" Thomas said sadly. "What if the Fat Controller scraps all of us?" Thomas was worried... The next day, Salty had arrived.

"Ahoy there, me hearties! Fresh diesel from the mainland!"

After he had been refuelled, Diesel's engine started to rev faster and faster.

"Aha!" He chuckled. "This new fuel makes my axles tingle!"

"Coal doesn't make my axles tingle..." Sighed Thomas. "I wish I could have fresh fuel..." Even Mavis was excited by the new fuel. "Oh my!" She said. Thomas was feeling left out. Soon, Diesel was showing off. "I'm the fastest engine in the world!" He boasted. "Look at me go!" Suddenly, Diesel's engine coughed, then it started to splutter. Black smelly smoke billowed from his exhaust. "I feel sick!" Wailed Diesel. Mavis started billowing smoke too. "So do I!" She groaned. The quarry manager was upset. "It's the new fuel!" He cried. "Water must have leaked into the tanks!" Soon, all the other diesels had broken down. 'Arry; Bert; even Salty had ground to a halt. So the Fat Controller telephoned the quarry manager, and the quarry manager came to see Thomas. "You are to collect fresh diesel from the fuel depot." "Right away, sir!" Whistled Thomas, and he steamed out of the quarry as fast as he could. At last he arrived at the fuel depot. "Give me all the clean fuel you've got!" Thomas cried. "This is an emergency!" "We'll soon have you loaded." Said the workmen.

Thomas was soon loaded with trucks carrying fuel drums. The fuel drums were very heavy.

Thomas pushed with all his might. His pistons creaked and his wheels squeaked, but he kept on puffing. Thomas trundled all over the island with fresh fuel for everybody. For Salty; for 'Arry; and for Bert. Thomas was feeling very tired, but he still had one more delivery to make. At the quarry, all work had stopped. Diesel was as green as a leaf. Mavis was feeling very glum. Then, they heard a wonderful noise. It was Thomas. He steamed into the quarry with one final puff. "I made it!" He cried. Mavis and Diesel had all the bad fuel drained out of their engines, and all the good clean fuel poured in. "Marvellous..." Sighed Diesel. "Thank you, Thomas..." Purred Mavis. Soon, the quarry was clattering with the sound of work. And finally, the important job was done. The Fat Controller arrived on-board Percy. "Well done, Thomas!" Boomed the Fat Controller. "You have saved the day. You are a really useful engine and a credit to the railway!" "Thank you, sir!" Puffed Thomas proudly. And even Diesel had to admit that Thomas is a very special engine. Even if he is a steamy...

Henry and the Wishing Tree

It was summertime on the Island of Sodor. Gordon pulled the passenger express. It was very busy, but Gordon loved the hustle and bustle. Henry hauled trucks in the forest. He loved the peace and quiet, but he didn't see many people. Sometimes, working in the forest could be very lonely. Later, Henry pulled into Knapford Station. He was delighted to see all the passengers. But Gordon was not delighted to see Henry. "Keep your smelly freight away from my passengers!" Grumbled Gordon. "But it's only logs!" Chuffed Henry. "Passengers and freight do not mix." Huffed Gordon, and he wheeshed away. Henry watched the Express leave the station. "I'd like to pull passengers..." Sighed Henry "Just for a change..." Henry stopped at the water tank on the edge of the forest. Children were standing by one of the trees. "What are those children doing?" Henry asked Thomas. "That's the old Sodor wishing tree." Said Thomas. "They must be making a wish!" "A wishing tree?!" Gaspd Henry. "How wonderful! Do you think it would make my wish come true?" Asked Henry. "It might..." Said Thomas, and he puffed away. Henry rolled up to the wishing tree. He took a deep breath and made a wish as hard as he could. "I wish I could pull the express instead of Gordon!" He said. That evening, the Fat Controller came to see Henry "Tomorrow, you will pull the express." He said. "Thank you, sir!" Said Henry happily. His wish had come true. The next morning, Henry chuffed cheerfully into Knapford Station. When his passengers were onboard, Henry blew his whistle, and pulled out of the station. But Henry puffed too quickly. "Go gently!" Called his driver. "You can bump freight, but you can't bump passengers!" "Sorry!" Puffed Henry. Henry puffed proudly through the countryside. "Pulling passengers is a grand job!" He said. Gordon was in the repair yard. He was being fitted with a new boiler. But Gordon felt lonely. He was missing his passengers. The passengers were missing Gordon too. They were having the bounciest, bumpiest ride they had ever had. When Henry got back to the sheds, the Fat Controller was waiting for him. "There have been complaints!" He said sternly. "Passengers are not like logs, you must be gentle!" "Yes, sir..." Said Henry sadly. Being gentle was very difficult. Then Henry saw Gordon, he was looking miserable. "My wish has made Gordon go to the repair yard!" Gaspd Henry. This made Henry feel very bad. The next day, Henry had to collect the buffet car. He tried his best to be gentle, but he shunted the buffet car so hard, everything flew into the air. There were more complaints than ever. Henry didn't want to pull passengers anymore. He wanted to wish everything back to normal. But when he arrived at the forest, Henry couldn't remember which tree was the wishing tree. "Oh no!" Cried Henry. "Which one could it be?!" Henry didn't know. So he decided to wish on all the trees. "I wish I could pull freight again!" He puffed. Then, he moved to the next tree and he wished again. "I wish I could pull freight again!" The Fat Controller arrived on-board Thomas "What are you doing, Henry?" Asked the Fat Controller. "You are causing confusion and delay!" Henry told him all about the wishing tree. "Wishing trees don't run railways!" Said the Fat Controller. "That's my job! Gordon just needed some repairs. He'll be back tomorrow." Henry was delighted. The next day, Gordon came back to work. He looked as good as new. The passengers were so pleased to see him, they cheered and cheered and cheered. Gordon beamed happily for the rest of the day. Henry was happy to be back in the peace and quiet of the forest. At the end of the day, he stopped near the wishing tree. And even though the Fat Controller had told him trees don't run railways, Henry wished he would never have to pull passengers ever, ever again. Just in case...

James Gets a New Coat

All the Fat Controller's engines like to look clean, bright and shiny. They love being washed down and having their brass polished until it gleams. James was in the workshop being repainted. He was beside himself with joy. James thought being repainted meant he was special. The workmen painted and polished by hour upon hour. And with new paint shining, brass twinkling and blacking black, James returned to Tidmouth Sheds. "Aren't I a beautiful red?" He asked the others. "No wonder the Fat Controller thinks I'm special!" But Percy was worried. He wasn't being repainted, and he wasn't red. "Does this mean the Fat Controller doesn't think I'M special...?" He asked. "Looking splendid is not the same as being really useful." Said Thomas firmly. "But best of all is being really usual, AND looking splendid, like me!" Said James cheerfully. Before Thomas could say anything else, James closed his eyes and fell happily asleep. The next morning, all the engines were very busy. Percy was working at the coal plant. Thomas and Emily were taking passengers up and down the branch lines. Gordon was pulling the express. The Fat Controller came to see James. He told him to join Percy at the coal plant at once. The coal trucks must reach Brendam Docks before the boat sails, so no dilly-dallying!" He said. "Yes, sir!" Said James, and he set off at once. But James didn't go straight to the coal plant. He decided to go by the canal instead. Then, he could see himself in the water for yard after yard after yard. "Magnificent!" He puffed. James had forgotten what the Fat Controller had said. At the coalyard, Percy was working as hard as he could, but he was falling behind. The line of trucks was getting longer and longer, and the yard manager was getting crosser and crosser. Where could James be? James was still enjoying himself, but there was no one around to share his fun, so we headed for Wellsworth Station. But as James pulled into Wellsworth Station, Gordon and the express were pulling out. The passengers had gone. "Bother!" Said James. He was disappointed, and he left the station. James headed straight for the branch lines. James saw Thomas. "Look at me!" He puffed. "Don't I look fine?!" "You should be at work!" Called Thomas, but James didn't listen to Thomas. James was enjoying being James. Percy wasn't enjoying being Percy... He was trying his hardest but the trucks were being very naughty. Poor Percy was almost worn out. "What will happen to the order now?" Cried the yard manager. When James rolled into the coal mines, it was late in the afternoon. Percy was cross. So was the yard manager. "To make up for last time," he said, "YOU must take an extra long line of trucks to the docks." James was delighted. The docks were always bustling with engines and people. "It's the place to be seen!" He said. "The trucks are being very naughty!" Warned Percy, but James wasn't listening. James puffed along looking forward to being seen. But the trucks were naughtier than ever. They rocked and rolled, and crashed and bashed. James' face was soon covered in soot. Going downhill, the trucks wiggled and giggled. James had to put his brakes on with a jolt. Coal tumbled out of the trucks, landing on James. James was cross, and biffed the trucks as hard as he could. More coal flew out. Now, James didn't want to be seen. He was as dirty as he had ever been. But on his way to the docks, he kept passing his friends. He passed Emily... And Edward... And Thomas. Thomas thought the only red thing left on James was his face! James trundled into Brendam Docks. He hoped no one would see him. But Gordon was at the docks with the express. He could not believe his eyes. He thought James was the grubbier, grimeier, dustier, dirtier engine he had ever seen. Percy arrived safely with the last of the trucks. "I like your new coat of paint!" He puffed cheekily. "You DO look splendid!" James knew he should have listened. He didn't feel splendid anymore, but for the first time all day, James could hear clearly. He could hear the sound of the trucks giggling at him, and despite feeling foolish, even James had to smile.

Thomas Saves the Day

It was a glorious summer day on the Island of Sodor. Toby was collecting milk from the dairy. James was pulling passengers to Brendan Docks. And Thomas was taking some workmen to work. They were building a new station. Every day, Thomas had to take the workmen there, and bring them home again. "I can't wait for the grand opening!" He told Annie and Clarabel excitedly. "There's going to be flags and a big band!" On the way to the new station, there was a difficult bend in the track. Thomas didn't like it at all. He was worried about the bend. But his good friends Annie and Clarabel were there to help him. "Slow down!" They sang out. "Slow down and puff with care!" So Thomas did slow down, and he puffed with care. "Thank you!" Thomas puffed to Annie and Clarabel. "I couldn't have done it without you!" Thomas arrived safely at the station. The Fat Controller was waiting for him. "Today, Annie and Clarabel are to go for their refit." He told Thomas. "You must take them to the workshops straight away!" "But how will I take the workmen home?" Asked Thomas. "You can use ordinary coaches instead." Said the Fat Controller. "Yes, sir..." said Thomas, and he puffed away to the workshop. Thomas said goodbye to Annie and Clarabel. He was sad. "I don't know how I'll manage the difficult bend without you..." He told his friends. The next day, Thomas puffed to the coachyard. He was still thinking about the difficult bend. Thomas went too fast and gave the coaches a mighty biff. The carriages rolled along the line and bumped into James. "Watch what you're doing!" James snorted. "Sorry!" Thomas puffed. Thomas was missing Annie and Clarabel. He would never have biffed into them. Soon, Thomas was on his way to pick up the workers at the new station. "Difficult bend... Difficult bend..." He puffed nervously. The difficult bend came nearer and nearer. Thomas was supposed to slow down, but he wanted to get past the bend quickly. So Thomas went faster and faster. The carriages rattled and shook. "Soon be over! Soon be over!" Thomas said to himself. And it soon was... Luckily, no one was hurt. But Thomas felt sadder than ever. Harvey arrived to help clear up the mess. Harvey didn't like seeing Thomas so unhappy. "I can't go round the difficult bend..." Thomas wheeshed sadly. "I'm not a useful engine without Annie and Clarabel..." "You ARE a really useful engine." Said Harvey. "And a jolly good friend." And he puffed away. Thomas trundled slowly back to Tidmouth Sheds. He was very sad - he wanted to be back with Annie and Clarabel. Suddenly, Thomas saw a line of Troublesome Trucks rushing towards him. They had come uncoupled from Edward. "Cinders and ashes!" Cried Thomas. "The trucks are heading for the new station, I must warn the stationmaster!" So he raced after them. The Troublesome Trucks clattered along the track. Thomas was determined to save the new station, so he dashed after the runaway trucks. Thomas went faster and faster. He raced past the trucks, but he was nearly at the difficult bend. Thomas wanted to go fast but he knew he couldn't. "Slow down..." Said Thomas to himself. "Slow down and puff with care..." Thomas applied his brakes. He slowed down and puffed very carefully. He made it round the difficult bend all by himself. "I've done it!" He tooted. But so did the runaway trucks... Thomas puffed as fast as he could, and he raced into the station just in time. "Runaway trucks are coming!" He cried. "You must change the points!" The signalman quickly changed the points. The Troublesome Trucks hurtled into a siding. They biffed and bashed the buffers. But the station was safe. The next day, Thomas was back with Annie and Clarabel. They were going to the grand opening of the new station. They chuffed along happily together, and when they came to the difficult bend, Thomas slowed down and puffed with care. The difficult bend wasn't difficult anymore. The grand opening was a great success, and the new station looked wonderful. The Fat Controller came to see Thomas. "You have saved my new station." He said. "You are a very brave and useful engine!" "Thank you, sir." Said Thomas. He was so proud it made his firebox glow.

Percy's Big Mistake

Percy is a little green engine who can shunt and pull. He pulls both passengers and freight. At the docks... And at the quarry. Percy's favourite job is carrying the mail. But sometimes Percy has so much to do, he ends up running late. That evening, Percy arrived late at Brendam Docks. "You're late again, Percy." Said the dock manager. "I will have to speak to the Fat Controller..." Percy was upset. Percy returned to Tidmouth Sheds. The other engines were already asleep. Then, Percy heard voices on the other side of the sheds. It was the Fat Controller, and he was talking to Percy's driver. Percy tried not to listen, but he couldn't help himself. "Percy has been late too often this week." Said the Fat Controller. "He must go to the scrapyards tomorrow." "The Fat Controller wants to scrap me!" Gaspd Percy. Percy worried all night long... The next morning, the Sun shone and the birds sang, but Percy was too upset to notice. "The Fat Controller wants to scrap me!" He cried. "And all because I was late!" "The Fat Controller wouldn't scrap a really useful engine." Said Thomas. "And you, Percy. are a really useful engine!" Percy felt better, until he noticed the time. "I'm going to be late!" He cried. Percy wheeshed away. If he was on time, maybe the Fat Controller wouldn't send them to the scrapyards. Percy's first job was collecting pipes from Brendam Docks. But when he arrived, Cranky was still unloading. "Hurry up, slowcoach!" Wheeshed Percy. "I must be on time!" "I'll take as long as I like!" Said Cranky, and he went slower than ever. The moment Cranky had finished, Percy took off. He hadn't waited for the pipes to be tied down. Percy rounded the bend. The pipes slipped and fell all over the track. But Percy puffed on. Percy thought he'd delivered the pipes, so he chuffed away to his next job. Percy was to take some tar wagons to the workmen mending the roads. "Be careful!" Said his driver. "Tar is sticky stuff!" But Percy wasn't being careful. He was going too fast. Percy charged down Gordon's Hill. He didn't see Gordon and the express until it was too late. The brake van passed Gordon. The wagons didn't... Luckily no one was hurt, but Gordon was very cross. "Now look what you've done!" He wheeshed. "What will the Fat Controller say?" Percy thought he knew. "Oh, no!" He cried. "I'm sure to be scrapped now!" And so Percy decided to run away. Harvey was clearing away the tar wagons when the Fat Controller arrived aboard Thomas. "Where is Percy?" He said. "He has caused confusion and delay!" Gordon didn't know. "He just left very quickly, sir..." "He heard you at the sheds." Said Thomas. "He thought you were sending him to be scrapped..." "I think I need a word with Percy..." Said the Fat Controller. "You must all help me find him." And so everyone looked for Percy. They searched high, and they searched low. They look to and fro, but they couldn't see Percy anywhere... "What's to become of me...?" Percy whispered, but there was no one around to here. Percy looked very small and felt very lonely. Thomas and the Fat Controller were looking for Percy on Thomas' branch line. Thomas suddenly had an idea. "I think I know where Percy is, sir..." And he puffed back to Tidmouth Sheds as fast as he could. The sheds were very quiet as Thomas rolled into the engine berth. "Percy!" Called the Fat Controller. "Are you there?" "Please don't scrap me, sir!" He said. "I didn't mean to be late or cause trouble!" "Scrap you?!" Boomed the Fat Controller. "Why, the very thought of it!" And the Fat Controller told Percy what he had really said. "I told your driver that you had been working too hard, and THAT was why you were late. I had decided after taking some scrap to the smelters that you were to carry the mail, all week!" Percy was as happy as he had ever been. "D'you really mean it, sir?" Puffed Percy proudly. "The mail? For a whole week! Thank you, sir!" Percy couldn't stop himself tooting for joy. Thomas tooted too. It was good to have his friend back. So Percy carried the mail all week. He wasn't late, and he didn't make a mistake - not one. And Percy decided never to listen to silly stories ever again. Especially not ones made up by himself...

Thomas, Emily and the Snowplough

Winter was coming to the Island of Sodor. The morning ground was covered in crisp white frost. Thomas and Emily were happily chuffing up and down the line. Thomas was enjoying pulling Annie and Clarabel. He thought he was doing a grand job. But Emily had other ideas. She thought he could be doing an even grander job, so Emily decided to help Thomas, by telling him what he was doing wrong. When she saw him puffing down the branch line, she cried out:

"Slow down! "You're going too fast and bumping your passengers!" Later, Emily saw Thomas by a bridge. He had stopped to take on water, and was talking to some children. "Stop talking to the children!" Said Emily. "You're working, and they will make you late!" "I'm never late!" said Thomas huffily. "There's always a first time!" Said Emily cheerfully, and she puffed away. Thomas was cross. He loved talking to children and thought Emily was being a big bossy buffers. Annie and Clarabel agreed. "I am never going to listen to Emily ever, ever again!" Said Thomas. "So there!" The next morning, a sleepy Thomas had to leave Tidmouth Sheds bright and early. He was to collect some trucks from the quarry and take them to the docks. Later that morning, the Fat Controller arrived with a new weather report. "There is snow on the way. You must all have your snowploughs fitted." "Excuse me, sir..." Said Emily. "But Thomas has already left for the quarry..." "Then you must find Thomas and tell him Sir Topham wants him to wear his snowplough!" So Emily puffed away to get her snowplough fitted. The workmen fixed Emily's snowplough on in no time at all, and she set off to find Thomas. Emily was very happy. She was looking forward to telling him what to do. Thomas was taking on water at Maithwaite Station. Emily puffed up in front of him. She blew her whistle, but Thomas didn't say hello. "She just wants to boss me again!" Grouched Thomas. "Thomas!" She called. "You must go and get your snowplough fitted!" Thomas could hear what Emily was saying but pretended he couldn't. He thought he was being very clever. So Emily tooted even louder again. "You must go and get your snowplough fitted!" She cried. "Bother snowploughs!" Said Thomas. "And bother Emily! Anyway, the weather is perfectly fine..." And he puffed away as fast as he could. Thomas delivered the trucks to the quarry, then set off to collect the cream from the dairy. Everything was going well. But soon the clear blue sky was eaten away by dark clouds. "They look like snow clouds to me..." Said his driver, and he was right. Soon, big flakes of white snow began to fall. Then, the snow gathered into drifts and covered the tracks. "Cinders and ashes!" Cried Thomas as his wheels began to slip. Snow fell all over the island. Emily cut safely through the drifts with her snowplough. "Thomas will be in trouble now..." Emily was right. Thomas was working harder and harder, but he had to go more and more slowly. "We can't go on..." Said his driver. Thomas pulled to a slow sad stop by a signal box. And his driver went for help. It snowed and snowed. Thomas felt very cold and twice as miserable. Then, he heard the sound of an engine. Thomas was delighted, until he saw who his rescuer was. It was Emily. "I told you to go and get your snowplough!" She said. "Now look what has happened!" Thomas was still cross. "You should say sorry for bossing me about!" "I am sorry..." Said Emily. "Sorry you didn't listen to me!" Emily and Thomas chuffed into Tidmouth Sheds. The Fat Controller was waiting, he did not look happy... "Emily! You must take Thomas to get his snowplough fitted at once!" Said the Fat Controller sternly. "You must learn to listen!" felt bad. He didn't know it was the Fat Controller who wanted him to wear his snowplough. Emily felt bad too. She didn't like seeing Thomas in trouble. "I'm sorry, sir..." Said Emily. "I forgot to tell Thomas it was your idea..." "You mean, I have two engines that don't listen...?" Boomed the Fat Controller. "Well, I never...! Emily! You must take Thomas to get his snowplough fitted at once!" Soon the work was finished and Thomas was wearing his snowplough. "Thank you for owning up." Said Thomas. "You are a very good friend." "That's alright..." Said Emily. You're a good friend too, but next time, if you want to stay out of trouble, just do what I say!" Even Thomas had to laugh.

Don't Tell Thomas

It was cold and snowy on the Island of Sodor, but everyone was jolly: the winter holidays were coming. Thomas loved this time of the year. The stationmasters decorated the stations, and children were making snowmen. But there was one thing Thomas didn't like about winter: there was always lots and lots of snow... It piled up very quickly and blocked the tracks, so Thomas worked hard all day keeping the lines open. Thanks to Thomas, everything ran on time. All the engines were very pleased. They wanted to thank Thomas for all his hard work. When all the tracks were clear, Thomas was looking forward to seeing his friends. He had missed them. As he puffed towards a station, he saw Harold the Helicopter talking to Toby. They were planning a thank you surprise for Thomas. "Hello!" He chuffed. "Remember..." Said Harold. "Don't tell Thomas about the surprise!" Then Harold buzzed away, and Toby puffed back to his yard. Thomas felt left out. He liked surprises. That afternoon, Thomas was puffing along the main line. He saw Percy waiting in a station. Percy's trucks were loaded with brightly-coloured boxes. "Are they part of the surprise?" Thomas asked. Percy was bursting to tell his friend about it, but he raced away so that he wouldn't spoil the surprise. Thomas was cross... Later, Thomas had to stop at a signal. As he waited, Emily arrived. Thomas noticed something strange on Emily's truck. It was long and pointy, but it was covered up. "Is that part of the surprise?" He asked.

"That..." Said Emily. "...is for me to know and you to find out..." And she puffed away. "Bother!" Wheeshed Thomas. "If they won't tell me..." Thomas huffed. "I'll find out myself..." Thomas secretly followed Emily. He puffed as quietly as he could, and he didn't follow too closely. Suddenly, Emily turned down one of the branch lines. Thomas raced after her, but just as he got to the branch line, the signalman changed the points. Thomas had to go straight ahead. "Cinders and ashes!" Cried Thomas. "How will I ever find out what the surprise is?" That evening, the engines were very excited. They were all talking about Thomas' surprise. "I can't wait!" Chuffed Edward. "He'll love it!" Puffed Percy. But then, Thomas arrived. "Shhh!" Said James. "Don't tell Thomas!" Said Henry. Thomas felt more left out than ever. It wasn't fair. Everyone knew what the surprise was, except Thomas. "They won't tell me, I don't want to know!" He huffed. Thomas steamed crossly away. He puffed as far as he could. At last, it was time to show Thomas the surprise, but no one knew where Thomas had gone. "Please find him, Harold!" Edward puffed. "I'll do my best!" Said Harold. And he took to the air. Thomas was parked in a siding. He was cold and sad. Why was he the only one not to know what the surprise was? If only they would tell him... Then, Thomas heard a noise. It was coming from the sky. It was Harold the Helicopter. "There you are, old chap!" He called. "It's time for you to collect the children, and to see the surprise!" "The children?" Puffed Thomas. "Yes. It's a special thank you for keeping the lines clear of snow!" Thomas was delighted. Finally he was going to find out what the surprise was. "So I wasn't being left out!" Cried Thomas. "Of course not!" Said Harold. "The children are waiting for you at Wellsworth Station!" Thomas loved pulling carriages full of children, so he raced away. Soon he arrived at Wellsworth Station. Thomas collected the children. He puffed through the snowy countryside. The children were very excited. They all wanted to know what the surprise was. Thomas turned down the branch line. Soon they arrived at a country village, and there was Thomas' surprise. A huge Christmas tree was standing in the village square. Its lights shone and its baubles twinkled, and at the bottom of the tree were lots of presents. There was even some tinsel for Thomas. "It's the best surprise I've ever had!" Thomas puffed happily.

Emily's New Route

It was summertime on the Island of Sodor. All the engines were very busy. They carried freight and passengers up and down the lines. The Fat Controller came to see Emily. "I am opening up some new routes for the summer." He announced. "Emily! You will pull the Flour Mill Special!" "Thank you, sir!" Said Emily. She was pleased. Emily stopped to fill up with water on the way to the flour mill, but James was already there. "The Fat Controller has given me the Flour Mill Special!" Said Emily. "You're lucky!" James huffed. "I have to do the Black Loch run!" "Why don't you like going to Black Loch?" Asked Emily. "There are boulders all over their tracks!" He moaned. "They bash your buffers and scratch your paint, and... There's the Black Loch Monster!" "What's the Black Loch Monster?" "Nobody knows..." Said James. "Black figures move in the water, then disappear..." And he puffed away. Emily was pleased SHE didn't have to go to Black Loch. At the flour mill, the flour had been loaded into the trucks. Emily was coupled up. Then, she puffed across the countryside to Knapford Station. But the Troublesome Trucks saw a chance for mischief. "Hold back! Hold back!" They screeched. Emily pulled as hard as she could, but the trucks made her go very slowly. Emily was late delivering the flour, so there would be no fresh bread that day. The Fat Controller was cross. "This means I won't have any toast or crumpets for breakfast! If you are late again, YOU will have to do the Black Loch run instead of James! Emily didn't want to have her buffers bashed by boulders, and she didn't want to see the Black Loch Monster. "I must get the flour to the station on time..." Emily puffed. The next morning, the trucks tricked her again. "Off we go! Off we go!" They chuckled, but they weren't coupled up properly. "Mustn't be late! Mustn't be late!" They giggled. So Emily puffed quickly away. But only half of the trucks went with her... Emily arrived at the station. "But you've only brought half of the flour!" The stationmaster cried. So Emily had to go back for the rest of the trucks. "Oh no!" Emily cried. "I don't want to get the Black Loch run!" When Emily arrived at the mill, the trucks were more troublesome than ever. "Emily the Late Engine! Emily the Late Engine!" They sang. This made Emily very cross, and she biffed them very hard. "Oh no!" They cried, and splashed into the duck pond. Emily was covered in a floury mess. That evening, the Fat Controller came to see Emily. "Emily! You have caused confusion and delay!" The Fat Controller said. "Now, you are to take over the Black Loch run." Emily was very unhappy. "Wait until you've tried it!" Thomas puffed. "The Black Loch run might be nice!" "I don't think so!" Emily moaned. "Bashed buffers and a big monster?! Sounds miserable to me!" The next morning, Emily puffed sadly to the station. Lots of excited children and holidaymakers climbed onboard. "They're all looking forward to their holidays..." She thought. "I mustn't let them down..." Soon Emily was steaming up hills and through valleys. "I bet it won't last..." She said to herself. Emily reached the murky waters of Black Loch. "That's where the monster's supposed to be..." She puffed nervously. Then there was trouble. Rocks fell and blocked the line. Emily had to wait for help. "I knew I wouldn't like this route!" She huffed. Suddenly, she saw something dark and mysterious moving in the water. "Another monster's coming!" Emily gasped. Emily was scared. Her boiler quivered and her valves rattled. She wanted to steam away. "I never want to see Black Loch again!" She cried. But Emily thought of the children and the carriages behind her. She was determined to get them to their holiday whatever it took. At last, the water settled, and Emily saw what the monster really was. "It's a family of seals!" Emily was delighted. The children were delighted too. Soon, the line was clear. Emily steamed on through the countryside. The children would reach their holiday on time. That evening, Thomas and Emily both stopped to watch the seals. "You were right." Said Emily. "Black Loch is a nice route after all!"

Thomas and the Firework Display

All the engines on the Island of Sodor look forward to harvest festival time. But most of all, they look forward to the Fat Controller's harvest firework display. The Fat Controller came to see Thomas and James. "James! You are to collect the fireworks from the depot." James was overjoyed. Thomas wasn't happy at all. "But I wanted to collect the fireworks!" Thomas pouted. "The Fat Controller chose me because I'm as red as a rocket and twice as grand!" James steamed proudly across the countryside. "Brightest and best! Brightest and best!" He hummed happily to himself. He was having a wonderful day. Thomas was still upset when he arrived at the shunting yards. "Bother James!" He grouched, and he biffed the trucks crossly around the yard. When James arrived at the depot, he was very excited. The wagons were all ready for him, filled safely to the top with fireworks. James was coupled up with the precious cargo, and he steamed away. Thomas shunted the last truck crossly into place. The trucks were glad that job was finished. James happily steamed along. He was thinking about the fireworks. He was imagining all the sparkles, flashes and shooting stars, when suddenly... James ground to a halt. "I will have to go and call for help!" Said his driver. Thomas puffed back into Knapford Station as Gordon was letting off his passengers. Children and grown-ups from all over the island had come to see the fireworks. Seeing the children cheered Thomas up. But the Fat Controller look concerned. "James has broken down." He said. "You must collect him Thomas, and bring him back, or the firework display will be cancelled." "Oh, no!" Cried Thomas. "Then all the children will be sad!" And he set off to collect James. Thomas puffed across the countryside. Even with his light on, Thomas knew he had to be very careful. Thomas found James broken down on the track. "Hello, busted boiler!" Teased Thomas. "You don't look very useful now!" James was upset. But when Thomas got behind James, he couldn't see ahead. "You will have to look out for me." Said Thomas. But James was cross. "You said I wasn't useful!" He pouted. "But if the fireworks don't get to Knapford Station," puffed Thomas, "the display will be cancelled!" James didn't want the children to be sad, so he agreed to look out for Thomas, and they set off together. When the track was straight and clear, James called out: "Go faster!" And Thomas did. Soon, they were working happily together, and making good time. The Fat Controller checked his watch. There was still no sign of Thomas or James. "It's very late..." He thought. "It's almost the children's bedtime!" Even Gordon was worried. "I'll have to cancel the display..." Said the Fat Controller. So the disappointed children started to board the coaches. At last, they could see the signal lights. The signal had turn red. Thomas and James stopped. "Why would the signal be red?" "Maybe a passenger train is coming through..." Puffed Thomas. "Gordon must be taking the children back!" Cried James. Thomas and James were very upset. "WE'RE HERE!" They cried, and sounded their whistles as loudly as they could. But no one could hear them... The children were all onboard. Gordon was ready to depart. Then, Thomas had a bright idea. "Send up a rocket!" He told his driver. So his driver carefully lit a rocket. He stood well back as it whooshed into the sky. The rocket burst into stars. "A sparkling dragon!" Cried the Fat Controller. "It must be Thomas and James! Stop, Gordon!" He said. "The firework display is back on!" The junction signal turned to green, and Thomas and James were soon on their way. James and Thomas were soon at the station. The children cheered. "Good work, Thomas!" Cried James happily. "And good work, James!" Agreed Thomas. "Good work, both of you!" Said the Fat Controller. That night, Thomas and James watched the fireworks together. "I think we are both useful engines!" Said James proudly. "But we are most useful when we work together!" Puffed Thomas.

Gordon Takes Charge

It was cold and snowy on the Island of Sodor. The village children had built a snow engine. They were excited. The winter holidays were here. People were coming from far and wide to visit the island. But this year, that was even more snow. It had covered the island and blocked the roads. Bertie the Bus couldn't take any passengers. So the Fat Controller came to Tidmouth Sheds. "Percy! You are to pull the passengers today." The Fat Controller said. Percy was worried. He usually took the mail or shunted trucks. He hadn't pulled passengers for a long time. "Gordon will show you what to do." Said the Fat Controller, and he left. "I'm an express engine!" Huffed Gordon. "I shouldn't be slowed down by a small engine like Percy!" Gordon went with Percy to the depot, but when Percy backed up to collect his carriages, he bumped them very hard. "No, no, no! You need to puff smoothly." Gordon huffed impatiently. "Watch me. You'll soon learn how to pull passengers!" Gordon backed smoothly up to his carriages and buffered up to them very gently. "Very smooth!" The yard manager said. "Best buffering I've ever seen!" Gordon was so proud, he thought his boiler would burst. "Maybe teaching Percy will be fun!" Gordon said to himself. "Then he'll see I'm the biggest, and the best!" Gordon pulled into Knapford Station. He rolled smoothly to a stop. "Perfect!" Gordon chuffed. Then, Percy pulled into the station. "Look at all those passengers!" He gasped. He blew his whistle, and wheeshed lots of steam. "You're doing it all wrong!" Huffed Gordon. "Don't wheesh until your passengers are onboard! Watch me..." Gordon waited. When all the passengers were onboard, he wheeshed some steam. Gordon was very proud. He liked showing Percy that he was the best. Gordon was having lots of fun, but Percy wasn't. Percy was fed up... Gordon and Percy puffed across the island. Gordon huffed through the snowy valley. Percy puffed under the icy bridge. Later, Gordon and Percy were at another station. Their passengers were all onboard. Percy wheeshed some steam. "You're learning a little bit..." Groaned Gordon. "But you're still not doing it right... Watch me..." Gordon wheeshed some steam and pulled out of the station. "Big blue show-off!" Puffed Percy. Gordon wasn't listening. He was already puffing through the countryside. "I'm so clever!" Gordon chuffed. "There must be someone else I can show..." And there was... "Watch me!" Gordon chuffed as he raced past James. "I puff nice and smoothly!" Then, he raced past Toby. "Watch me I'm fastest and best!" Gordon puffed into the station. He was very excited. There were lots of people he could show off to. "Watch how smoothly I can go!" Huffed Gordon. Gordon was so busy showing off, he didn't see how icy the track was. Gordon slipped right through the station, and into a siding. Everyone watched as he puffed into a big pile of snow. "YUCK!" Coughed Gordon. Luckily no one was hurt. The Fat Controller was very cross. "I asked you to teach Percy..." He said sternly. "Not show off all afternoon!" Yes, sir... Sorry, sir..." Gordon puffed quietly. Just then, Percy puffed past. He pulled smoothly into the station. All of Percy's passengers arrived safely at the platform. Gordon's passengers had to walk through the snow. Gordon was very embarrassed. His face was as red as Bertie the Bus. But Edward soon pulled him out of the snow. Later that evening, it was time to go home. The passengers were all aboard Gordon and Percy. Gordon wanted to show Percy how smoothly he could puff. But then, he remembered sliding into the snowdrift. Gordon didn't want to look silly again... "Percy! You go first!" Gordon puffed. "Show me how smoothly you can go." So Percy pulled smoothly out of the station, and Gordon followed. Gordon and Percy puffed through the snowy countryside, and Gordon didn't show off once. At last, Gordon and Percy arrived at Tidmouth Sheds. "Did you say how smoothly I puffed?" Asked Percy. "Yes!" Said Gordon. "You who have learnt very well!" Percy was proud. "But then again..." Gordon added. "I'm a very good teacher!"

Spic and Span

It was a busy time on the Island of Sodor. The railway inspector was coming. Signals were checked, platforms were scrubbed. Everyone wanted the railway to look its best. At last, the big day was here. "The railway inspector arrives today." The Fat Controller said. "What's a railway in spectacles?" Percy asked. "Railway inspector..." Gordon huffed. "He comes to look at the railway every year, he checks everything is spic and span." Said Thomas. "This year he is to give a special prize to the best turned out engine." Added the Fat Controller. "So I want you all to look your best!" "A special prize?!" Puffed Thomas. "I wonder if we could win?" Asked Percy. "Pah!" Gordon snorted. "He's bound to give it to an express engine!" "Or one with big wheels!" Said Emily. "I think he'll give it to a red engine!" James beamed proudly. "Don't listen to them!" Puffed Thomas. "A really useful engine can look as grand as any engine!" That afternoon, Thomas and Percy arrived at the quarry. But as the stone was loaded onto the trucks, a big cloud of stone whooshed down and landed right on top of Thomas. "Yuck!" Coughed Thomas. "Now you'll never win first prize!" Percy moaned. "Don't worry, Percy!" Thomas puffed. "All I need is a good washdown." So Thomas raced off. But when you arrived at the washdown, Emily was already there covered in soapsuds. "Hurry up! I need to get clean for the inspection!" "There's no need for you to get clean." Said Emily. "I'm going to be the grandest engine there!" "I'll STILL win first prize!" Thomas huffed, and he steamed off to help Percy. Thomas and Percy puffed across the countryside. But when Thomas and Percy arrived at Brendam Docks, they saw the Fat Controller. He was with the railway inspector. "Oh no!" Puffed Thomas. "The railway inspector, but I'm still dirty!" So Thomas raced back to the washdown. When Thomas got to the washdown, James was already there. "I'm going to be the shiniest at the inspection!" James sniffed. "There's no point in you even being here!" This made Thomas cross. He wanted to win first prize more than ever. But James' red coat did look very shiny. "I hope my blue coat can look as shiny as James..." Thomas puffed to himself, and he steamed back to the docks. Percy and Thomas shunted the quarry trucks into place. When they had finished, Percy was dirty, and Thomas was dirtier than ever, so they raced to the washdown as fast as they could. This time, Gordon was there. "All done!" Gordon puffed proudly. Thomas thought Gordon looked splendid. Then, James and Emily pulled into the station. They looked splendid too. Emily's wheels looked shinier than ever, and James' red paint sparkled in the sun. Now, Thomas WAS worried. "There's no point in going to the inspection!" Thomas puffed sadly. "We'll never win..." "Of course we can win!" Percy puffed. "We just need a good clean!" Percy and Thomas were covered in soapsuds. They were scoured and scrubbed, and brushed and buffed. Percy loved being washed. But now, Thomas was sad. He thought he would never look as grand as the other engines... James, Emily and Gordon were waiting for the railway inspector. "The sunlight here makes my dome sparkle!" Gordon puffed proudly. "It makes my red paint look shinier than ever!" Said James. "And my wheels glimmer!" Emily added. The engines tried to find the sunniest spot in the coalyard. So James backed up. Suddenly, he bumped into a truck. The truck rolled into a lever. Then, there was a whooshing sound. "Oh no!" James puffed. Coal poured out everywhere. It poured onto the tracks, and all over Gordon, James and Emily. They weren't gleaming and shiny anymore... The Fat Controller and the railway inspector arrived. "These engines are filthy!" The railway inspector said crossly. "I've never seen so much coal dust!" Just then, Gordon blew to clean his funnel. Coal dust shot into the air. It covered the Fat Controller and the railway inspector! "Sorry..." Coughed Gordon. At last, Thomas and Percy arrived. When the railway inspector saw Thomas and Percy, he was delighted. "You two are just what engines should look like!" He said. Thomas and Percy won first prize. The railway inspector gave them each a special rosette. Thomas and Percy beamed with pride. "I'm glad you made me come to the inspection." Puffed Thomas. "It's just like you said." Puffed Percy. "A really useful engine can look as grand as any engine!"

Edward The Great

Edward is the same colour as Thomas, and the same size as James. He can pull carriages and push trucks. And he often works as a back engine. But Edward is old and not as strong as the other engines, so sometimes Edward feels left out. The Duke and Duchess of Boxford came to visit their new summer house. They came on their own private engine called Spencer. Spencer is big and silver, and very fast. When Spencer pulled into Knapford, his driver had exciting news for him. "You have beaten Gordon's record!" He said. "Of course..." Boasted Spencer. "I'm faster and finer than all the engines on Sodor put together!" The Fat Controller's engines were very cross. "Spencer's just a big silver show-off!" Sniffed Gordon, and everyone agreed. The Fat Controller spoke to the engines. "Spencer will take the Duke and Duchess to their summer house. Another engine will take their furniture." The Fat Controller's engines saw the chance for a race. "Please, sir!" Said Thomas, Percy, Gordon and James all together. "May I go?" "You all have other work to do..." Boomed the Fat Controller. "Edward will check the furniture." James and Gordon groaned. "Fancy sending a back engine to do an express engine's job!" Sniffed Gordon. "He'll lose the race and let the whole railway down!" Said James. Thomas and Percy were cross. Edward was their friend. "Spencer has a bigger boiler," said Thomas, "but that just means more hot air!" "An honest steamie can be a puffy puffer any day!" Added Percy. Edward set off slow and steady. "Will do my best... Will do my best..." He puffed. Spencer set off, and quickly passed Edward. "I've won already!" He boasted. And with a whoosh, he was gone. Edward came to the bottom of a steep hill. The freight was heavy and he felt very tired. He huffed and he puffed, and was soon at the top. He could see Spencer in the distance and set chase at once. Edward raced down the hill. Spencer stopped at Wellsworth Station. The Duke and Duchess wanted to buy some tea and cakes from the Refreshment Lady. Edward teetered into view. "Hurry up, old boy!" Laughed Spencer. "Can't have you finishing TOO far behind me!" Edward wished he could have a rest too, but the stationmaster and the porters had heard about the race. "Hurray for Edward!" They cheered. Edward picked up steam, and proudly puffed passed Spencer. But then, the Duke and Duchess finished their tea, and Spencer was off in a flash. He roared past Edward. "Fastest and best! Fastest and best!" He chirruped. Edward was nearly out of puff. The furniture felt heavier than ever. Up ahead, Spencer had to stop. The Duke wanted to take some photographs of the countryside. The Duke set up his camera. Spencer closed his eyes. "Nothing to worry about..." He said lazily. Gordon was returning to Brendam Docks. He passed Spencer and knew Edward must be losing the race. "Edward is a waste of steam!" He sniffed. But when Gordon passed Edward and saw how hard he was trying, he felt bad about what he said. "Well done, Edward!" He called. "You are a credit to the railway!" Edward was so happy, his boiler tingled. He found puff he never knew he had. The Duke and Duchess had finished taking photographs, and were back onboard. "Time to go!" Said his driver and rang the bell, but nothing happened... Spencer was dreaming of victory. He didn't hear the bell, and he didn't hear Edward puffing past him. Spencer's driver rang the bell again. When Spencer finally opened his eyes, he could see Edward heading towards the summer house. "Nearly there! Nearly there!" He gasped. Spencer took off as fast as he could. But as he reached the siding, his driver ordered him to slow down. "These are old tracks and you are a very heavy engine!" He said. "You must go slowly!" Spencer had no choice. He had to slow down, and he trundled slowly down the siding. With every click and every clack, he knew that he had lost the race. Edward puffed towards the summer house. "I've won!" He gasped. "I did it!" Edward felt like a really useful engine. "Hurray! I've won!" He cheered loudly. Edward felt like the pride of the Sodor railway, and he was right.

Squeak, Rattle and Roll

Gordon is big and blue and the fastest engine on all of Sodor. He loves pulling the express. Gordon thinks it makes him the most important engine on the island. One day, Gordon was pulling the express out of Brendam Docks. But Diesel was on the same line. "Out of my way!" Sniffed Gordon. "Express train coming through." Diesel had to back off. This made him cross. "You steamies are old and clapped out!" He sneered. "When the Fat Controller realises this, you'll all be scrapped!" "Scrapped?!" Scoffed Gordon. "Pah! I'm as fast as I ever was!" And he chuffed proudly out of the docks. Gordon was speeding through the beautiful countryside. He was having a wonderful day. Then he heard a horrible squeaking noise. Gordon was upset. Squeaking could only be one thing: something was wrong. "What if Diesel's right...?" He thought. "What if the Fat Controller scraps me?" Gordon squeaked sadly up the hill. The hill was steep and Gordon had to slow down. The slower he went, the quieter the squeak became. Gordon was delighted. "Aha!" He said. "If I go slowly, no one will hear me squeak!" And he chuffed slowly back to Tidmouth Sheds. That evening, the Fat Controller came to see Gordon. Tomorrow is a very special day. He said. "I am taking some village children on a boat trip. You, Gordon, are to take us to Brendam Docks. The boat leaves at 9 o'clock, so you must not be late!" The next morning, Gordon waited for everyone to go. Then he puffed slowly away so no one would hear his squeak. Once out of the sheds, he started to pick up speed. His pistons pumped and his wheels spun, and he began to squeak again... "Oh my!" Said Gordon. Then he heard something even worse: it was a rattle! "Oh dear, oh dear!" He cried. "Diesel was right, I AM falling apart! What will the Fat Controller say?" Gordon slowed down. Gordon crawled slowly into the station to collect the children. Gordon's boiler sank. If he went slowly, the children would miss their boat trip. But if he went quickly, the Fat Controller would hear his squeak AND his rattle. He'd know Gordon was wearing out and send him to the scrapyard. With the children safely onboard, Gordon pulled slowly out of the station. Gordon chuffed slowly through the countryside. He thought things were going well. But the Fat Controller was very cross. He spoke sternly to Gordon. "What are you playing at, Gordon?" He boomed. "You must go quickly or the children will miss the boat, and that will never do!" "Yes, sir..." Said Gordon sadly. "Remember..." Added the Fat Controller. "You are the fastest engine on the island!" This made Gordon feel proud. "This might be my last trip..." He said. "But I'll get the children to their boat on time!" His wheels turned faster, his pistons pumped harder. "Must be on time! Must be on time!" He puffed. Soon, he began to squeak, and rattle too. Then, he heard ANOTHER noise: a knocking noise! But Gordon didn't care. If this was his last trip, he was going to go as fast as he possibly could. Gordon squeaked and rattled and knocked all the way to Brendam Docks. Salty and Henry were surprised. They had never heard an engine make such awful noises. "Sounds like another steamie ready for the scrapyard!" Smeared Diesel, but Gordon didn't care about Diesel. He had made good time and the children would catch their boat. "I made it!" He cried proudly. "Thank you, Gordon!" Shouted the children happily. "I knew you could do it." Said the Fat Controller. "But why haven't you been to the repair yard?" "The repair yard?" Gaspd Gordon. "You have been making lots of noises." Said the Fat Controller. "You need to have your engine looked at." "So you're not going to scrap me?" Asked Gordon. "Scrap Gordon?!" Boomed the Fat Controller. "The fastest engine on Sodor?! Who would pull the express?!" Gordon beamed with pride. Gordon spent the next day having his pistons polished, his axles greased and his wheels well and truly oiled. At last he didn't make any more funny noises. Gordon was as good as new, and he felt even better.

Thomas and the Circus

It was a glorious day on the Island of Sodor. Villagers; children; even the Fat Controller was excited. The circus was coming. The engines were thrilled: they loved the circus too. Percy loved the horses. James loved the clowns. Children gathered on the bridges. They were waiting to see the circus pass by. Thomas became more and more excited. Everyone wanted to collect the circus from Brendam Docks. The Fat Controller came to Tidmouth Sheds. He had exciting news for Thomas. "Thomas! You are to collect the circus!" He boomed. Thomas was very happy. Pulling the circus sounded like wonderful fun. "But if there are too many trucks for you to pull, you must share the work with another engine." Percy and James were pleased. Maybe they'd get to pull the circus after all. Thomas puffed over to Brendam Docks. Thomas steamed into the docks. Cranky was unloading the circus. Thomas was amazed. There were trailers and horseboxes, colourful costumes, coaches and flatbeds as far as the eye could see. Thomas was so excited, his axles tingled. The acrobats and clowns climbed aboard Annie and Clarabel. Thomas buffered up to collect the coaches. "Arr! Do you want a wheel there, matey?" Asked Salty cheerfully. Thomas remembered what the Fat Controller had said about sharing the work. But the band started playing, and everybody was cheering. Thomas thought this was the most wonderful special ever. Even though the train was very heavy, he didn't want to share it. "No thank you, Salty." He gasped. "I can do it on my own." And Thomas took the biggest puff he could, and slowly pulled away. Thomas trundled through the countryside. His pistons pumped, and his traction rods rattled. But Thomas didn't notice. He was having far too much fun. Thomas puffed towards Maron Station. He had a wonderful surprise. Passengers and staff waved and cheered as he passed by. The band played on, and Thomas blew his whistle in time with the trumpet. Thomas felt very special. Pulling the circus was the lots of fun. Thomas stopped by a bridge. Percy was waiting there too. Children waved to Thomas and the circus. Thomas blew his whistle. Percy wanted to join in. "Is there anything I can take?" Percy asked hopefully. But Thomas wanted to keep all the fun to himself. "No, thank you." He gasped. "I can do it all on my own." Percy watched Thomas and the circus slowly chuff away. He felt very disappointed. Thomas puffed on. The train started to feel heavier and heavier. His traction rods were rattling more than ever. Thomas stopped at a junction. James was waiting in a siding. James thought the band sounded very jolly. "If you want to uncouple some trucks..." He said hopefully, "I could take them for you!" "No thank you!" Gasped Thomas. "I can do it all on my own." He didn't want to miss out on any of the fun. Thomas steamed on, but every huff and every chuff got harder and harder. Thomas passed through the next station, but he was almost out of puff. Thomas wasn't having fun anymore. Then there was trouble. With a horrible creak and a terrible crack, Thomas' traction rods broke. Thomas stopped with a jolt. Suddenly, it was very quiet. Thomas felt very sad. Thomas' driver telephoned for help. Even the performers practising in the field didn't make Thomas feel better. Thomas wished he had shared the heavy load... Soon, Percy and James arrived. James brought new traction rods, and Percy brought hay for the horses, but Thomas still felt miserable. "I wish I'd shared the work with you..." He said sadly. "Don't worry!" Puffed Percy. "We can all have fun now!" Said James cheerfully, and he was right. While Thomas' traction rods were replaced, they all enjoyed watching the circus performers practise. Then, Thomas shared out the trucks. Percy took the horses, James took the performers, then the band started playing. "This is fun!" Puffed Thomas. All three engines blew the whistles, and the long and jolly train set off. Later, the friends watched as the big tent was put up. "Thank you for helping me!" Puffed Thomas. "Sharing your work makes things much easier, but sharing the fun is the best fun of all!" And everyone agreed.

Thomas Gets it Right

It had been a stormy night on the Island of Sodor. Telegraph poles had blown down, tiles had been blown off the station roofs, and branches had fallen onto the lines. All over the island, the storm had made a terrible mess. The Fat Controller came to Tidmouth Sheds. "The storm has caused confusion and delay." He boomed. "So you must all be really useful engines!" "I'll be the most useful engine!" Boasted James. "No, I will!" Sniffed Gordon. "I'm the fastest, I'll do the most journeys." Thomas hoped he could finish his special as quickly as possible. He wanted to do the most journeys and be the most useful engine of all. Soon, all the engines were steaming away from Tidmouth Sheds. James went to Knapford yard to pick up the workmen. Gordon went to the goods yard to collect telegraph poles. Toby trundled to collect new roof tiles. And Thomas steamed over to Maron Station. Farmer McColl was waiting for Thomas. Next to him were boxes and boxes of newly laid eggs. "These fresh eggs are needed across the island." Said Farmer McColl. The station staff quickly loaded Thomas' trucks with the eggs, and Thomas was raring to go. "My eggs must be delivered safely," said Farmer McColl, "so I am coming to make sure you go slowly and carefully." "Slowly?" Wheeshed Thomas sadly. He wanted to finish his job quickly and make lots of journeys. Thomas gave one sad toot of his whistle, and slowly pulled away. Thomas trundled on. He huffed and puffed as gently as he could. Thomas had to stop at a crossing. Gordon steamed by. "Fastest and best!" He chirruped. Gordon look very happy. Thomas felt very sad. Thomas pulled into Maithwaite Station. James was waiting, he was carrying workmen. They were fixing the station house roof. Station staff unloaded four boxes of eggs for the village store. "How many journeys have you done?" Asked James brightly. "This is my first..." Said Thomas. "Ha!" Huffed James. "I'm on my third! I'm as red as a rocket and twice as fast!" And he steamed quickly out of the station. Thomas was upset. He wanted to go fast more than ever. Now the eggs were unloaded, and Thomas chuffed slowly out of the station. Thomas puffed across the countryside very, very slowly. Then Thomas saw Toby taking on coal in a siding. His trucks were full of roof tiles. Toby was having a wonderful day. "I'm on my second journey!" He whistled proudly. Thomas was very sad. Toby rushed past him. It made Thomas want to go faster than ever. "Even Toby has made more journeys than me!" He moaned. "It's not fair! I can be fast AND careful!" So Thomas started to speed up. "Fast and careful! Fast and careful!" He huffed happily. But Thomas was going so fast, he WASN'T being careful. Farmer McColl was worried. "Slow down, Thomas!" He called. "You will break my eggs!" But Thomas was going so quickly, he didn't hear Farmer McColl, and he didn't slow down. He went even faster. The eggs started to bounce in their boxes. Then Thomas changed lines. It caused a big bump. The eggs were breaking. Thomas came to a junction. He had to slow down. "Stop, Thomas!" Cried Farmer McColl. You have broken my eggs!" This time Thomas did here Farmer McColl and he stopped right away. "Cinders and ashes!" He cried. But Farmer McColl was still cross. Thomas felt bad. "I'm sorry..." He whistled. "I just wanted to be really useful..." Farmer McColl checked his eggs. Luckily, only a few were broken. Now Thomas knew he had to go slowly, so he pulled away as gently as he could. Thomas headed for Brendam Docks. Suddenly, he had an impatient toot. James was behind him. He blew his whistle loudly. But Thomas knew he couldn't speed up. "Sometimes going slowly can be just as important as going fast." Said Thomas, and he puffed carefully on. That evening, the Fat Controller came to Tidmouth Sheds. He looked very pleased. "You have all worked out and been really useful engines." He said proudly. The engines were very happy, except for Thomas. He was thinking about the broken eggs. "I only made one journey, sir..." He said sadly. "And I broke Farmer McColl's eggs..." "But most of the eggs were delivered safely." Boomed the Fat Controller. "Farmer McColl gave the broken ones to me, and I love having scrambled eggs for my tea! You, Thomas..." He added. "...Are a really useful engine!" Thomas just beamed.

As Good as Gordon

It was a beautiful autumn day on the Island of Sodor. All the engines were working very hard. The Fat Controller came to Tidmouth Sheds. He had exciting news. "Gordon is to take the new Mayor of Sodor on our special tour of the island." He announced. Gordon was thrilled, but then he had a thought. "Who will take the express, sir?" He asked. The other engines were excited. Pulling the express was an important job. Everyone wanted to be chosen, but the Fat Controller chose Emily. When the Fat Controller left, Emily was very happy, but Gordon wasn't impressed. "The express is the longest passenger train on the island." He sniffed. "I always cross the island twice by teatime, YOU'LL never do that!" "I've got big wheels and I'll do my best!" Said Emily. "Big wheels don't make a big engine." Boasted Gordon. "Everyone knows I'm the best!" Thomas thought Gordon was showing off. "Twice before teatime?" He puffed. "That will be hard..." But Emily wasn't listening to Thomas. "I'm going to be as good as Gordon!" She said eagerly, and she steamed away as fast as she could. Emily puffed into Knapford Station. She was looking forward to taking the express, but it was very, very heavy. "Bust my buffers!" She gasped as she slowly pulled out of the station, but she pulled away too soon and left the brake coach behind. Emily puffed with all her might. She was determined to be fast. Emily crossed the island once in good time. "I am as good as Gordon!" She puffed proudly. Emily had to wait for Edward at the crossing. Edward went as fast as he could, but it wasn't fast enough for Emily. "Hurry up, slow-coach!" She cried. "Or you will make me late!" Edward felt sad, but Emily just steamed on. Emily stopped in Maithwaite Station. The express was a guaranteed connection with Bertie the Bus, but Bertie hadn't arrived. He'd had a flat tyre and was running late. Emily tried to wait. She counted to 10 twice, but she felt as if her boiler would burst. "I'm going to be the slowest engine on Sodor!" She cried. "And it's not my fault!" And she puffed away. When Bertie arrived, Emily had already left... Emily needed to take on water, but James was at the water tower. He was pulling a slow goods train. Emily wanted to go first. "It doesn't matter if YOU are late!" She said. "You must wait your turn!" Said James crossly. "Express trains don't wait!" Said Emily, and she left without taking on water. Emily went faster than ever. Her carriages rocked and rolled, and her passengers were biffed and bumped and bounced. Finally, Emily could see Brendam Docks up ahead. "Twice before teatime!" She puffed happily. "I AM as good as Gordon!" Then there was trouble. Emily slowed down. "What's happening to me?!" She cried. She went slower and slower. Emily had run out of water. She huffed and puffed, but she had no steam left. Finally, Emily came to a complete stop. The Fat Controller arrived onboard James. He was very cross... "You should have waited!" Said the Fat Controller. "And now, you have caused confusion and delay! You left the brake coach, stranded Bertie's passengers, and bumped your carriages! You must learn to be more patient!" Emily knew the Fat Controller was right. She felt very bad. She was only trying to be as good as Gordon. "I'm sorry, sir..." She said sadly. James pulled Emily into the docks. Then, he went back to collect the express. "Now I need an engine to take the slow goods train..." Said the Fat Controller. Emily had an idea. "May I take it, sir?" She said. "If I promise to go slowly?" The Fat Controller thought it was a grand idea. "The slow goods train needs lots of patience." He said. Emily was pleased. She was determined to do a good job. So after she took on water, and lots of coal, Emily buffered up to the slow goods train. She stopped at all the right stations. She let all the other engines go first. She stopped at a signal. Thomas was waiting there. "I am learning patience." Emily puffed. "But if only I could learn it faster!" She cried. Thomas had to laugh.

Fish

The Island of Sodor is a busy, bustling place. There is always lots for the engines to do. One morning Thomas was shunting trucks in the yard, when The Fat Controller came to see him. "The fishermen have caught their biggest catch of fish ever. Thomas! You must help Arthur take them to the docks."

Thomas was fed up. He didn't like the smell of fish...

When he got to the fishing village, there were lots of trucks, all stacked full of fish. Thomas has never seen so many fish. "Phew!" He puffed. "What a horrible smell!" Then, Arthur arrived.

Arthur warned Thomas that the route of Brendam Docks was bumpy. "Only take five trucks at a time." Said Arthur. "And go slow and steady!"

Arthur carefully collected five trucks, then he puffed slowly out of the harbour yard. Thomas looked at all the fish trucks. He didn't want to go slow and steady. He wanted to get his smelly job over with. So Thomas shunted all of the trucks into a long line, and he puffed out of the village. The trucks were heavy, and smelly, but Thomas was pleased his job would soon be over. Then the Troublesome Trucks decided to have some fun... The trucks wiggled and they giggled. "Hehehehe! Hahahaha!" They made Thomas's journey very bumpy. Some of the fish was shaken loose. "Yuck!" Thomas gasped. "I wish I'd have taken fewer trucks..."

Thomas puffed hard. He pushed the long line of trucks up the hill. He started to puff down the other side. Thomas tried to go slowly, but that trucks wanted to go faster.

"On! On! On!" Thomas went faster and faster. "Cinders and ashes!" Thomas cried. Salty was at the bottom of the hill. He was waiting for a signal. He didn't know Thomas was coming down the hill. Thomas was out of control. Thomas braked as hard as he could, but the fish trucks were too heavy... "Oops!" Said Thomas. "Sorry..." Salty was covered in fish. "Never mind, me hearty..." Said Salty. "The smell reminds me of the sea..." Thomas' driver telephoned for help, and soon, Harvey was clearing the tracks. Thomas wondered what the Fat Controller would say. He found out soon enough... "You have caused confusion and delay!" Said the Fat Controller sternly. "You must learn to be more safe." "Yes, sir... Sorry, sir..." Thomas puffed sadly. This time, Thomas shunted only five trucks together. He took a deep breath and chuffed away. Thomas puffed through the countryside. "I will get to the docks on time!" He cried, but the Troublesome Trucks were up to some of their old tricks. "Hold back!" They giggled. But this time, there were only five trucks. Thomas biffed and bashed and bumped them, and the trucks weren't troublesome anymore. As soon as he delivered the first trucks, Thomas went back to collect the next five. His couplings smelled of kippers and his cabin smelled of cod, but he was working so hard, he forgot all about the smell. At last, he had just one more load to take. But it was nearly time for the ship to leave. Thomas raced as fast as he could. His axles ached and his buffers were bashed, but he got to the docks just in time. Thomas was very happy to say goodbye to the fish. Then the Fat Controller came to see Thomas. "I know you don't like the smell of fish, but you have worked very hard." The Fat Controller said. "You really are a useful engine." Thomas was proud, but he still had the smell of fish in his funnel and he couldn't wait to be clean. So he puffed off to the washdown. Arthur and Salty were already there. "Getting clean is lovely." Puffed Arthur. "Best part of the day!" Said Salty. "Especially when you smell of fish!" Said Thomas.

Emily's Adventure

It was springtime on the Island of Sodor. The Sun was shining and the birds were singing. All the engines love this time of the year. Emily thought the island had never looked more beautiful. But that night, that was a big and blustery storm. High winds swept across the island. Trees were blown down. A water tower fell over, and the roof blew right off Farmer McColl's barn. Emily was very pleased to be safe and warm in her cosy shed. She could hear the wind outside. But the next morning, Emily could not believe her eyes. The storm had made a terrible mess. Farmer McColl was looking at the damaged barn. "The baby calves will be cold at night! I must fix the roof right away!" But Farmer McColl didn't have any timber for the roof. So he telephoned the Fat Controller. The Fat Controller came to see Emily. "The storm blew the roof off Farmer McColl's barn." He said. "You must take some timber so it can be fixed." "Yes, sir!" Said Emily. Emily steamed over to the timber yards. She buffered up to the timber wagons, and raced up to Farmer McColl's as fast as she could. But the storm had caused lots of damage to the lines. Workmen and lorries were clearing branches and rocks from the tracks. Emily wanted to go quickly, but she couldn't go at all. "Bother!" Said Emily crossly. Trevor and the workmen were trying to move the tree, but moving it was taking a long time. "Hurry up!" Emily puffed impatiently. "You must work harder!" And she blew her whistle. Trevor was working as hard as he could. At last, he pulled the tree off the track. But Emily didn't say thank you to Trevor - all she said was: "About time!" Every time she came across workmen clearing the track, she blew her whistle and wheeshed steam. This made the workmen cross, but Emily thought it made them work harder. Then, Emily came across a fallen water tower. It had crashed onto her line. "Oh no!" She cried. Elizabeth was helping the workman push the tower off the track. The tower was very heavy. Emily decided to boss Elizabeth too. "Hurry up!" She wheeshed, and she blew her whistle as loud as she could. "Not if you ask like that!" Sniffed Elizabeth crossly. "I've got an urgent delivery!" Said Emily. But Elizabeth didn't listen: she simply went back to work. Emily blew her whistle again, but the more she blew her whistle, the slower Elizabeth seemed to go. Emily thought she would never get to Farmer McColl's. The skies were darkening and night was on its way... Thomas arrived bringing more supplies. "Hello!" Thomas tooted. Emily complained about Elizabeth. "She won't do a thing I tell her!" "That's because you're a big bossy boiler!" Laughed Thomas. "You should try asking nicely for a change." Emily didn't like being called a bossy boiler, and she didn't want to ask nicely, but it would be night-time soon, and the baby calves still didn't have a roof over their heads. So Emily took a deep breath. "I'm sorry I was rude, but can you help me get this timber to Farmer McColl's? Please, it's to help the baby calves..." Elizabeth smiled. "Why, certainly!" She puffed. "I'll get your truck cleared in no time!" Emily WAS surprised! Thomas was right: asking nicely was just like magic! Elizabeth pushed with all her puff. The tower was heavy, but with a mighty heave, the track was clear. "Thank you!" Cried Emily, and she steamed on as fast as she could. It was nearly bedtime. Emily knew the baby calves would be getting cold. So whenever there was something on the track, she took a deep breath and said please and thank you. At last, Emily arrived at Farmer McColl's, and the timber was quickly unloaded. The barn was soon repaired, and the baby calves snuggled down on their nice, soft hay. "Thank you, Emily!" Said Farmer McColl. "The calves will be nice and warm now." Emily was pleased. She'd arrived on time. Asking nicely was all she'd had to do.

Halloween

It was full steam ahead on the Island of Sodor. All the engines were running on time. They wanted to finish their work quickly, because tonight was Halloween. The engines loved seeing the children in their Halloween costumes, and the engines loved to hear tales of ghostly engines and scary steam trains... That evening the Fat Controller came to Tidmouth Sheds. "Thomas and Emily! You must go to the smelters yards. He said. "An important delivery of iron must be collected right away." "Yes, sir!" They puffed. Percy thought the smelters yard was spooky. He was worried about his friends. "Look out for ghosts!" He whistled nervously. "It is Halloween!" "There's no such thing as ghosts!" Thomas said cheerfully. "It's just silly make-believe!" Added Emily, and they steamed off to the smelters yard. The Sun was setting, and it was getting dark. "Imagine being scared of Halloween!" Puffed Thomas. "Or the smelters yard!" Sniffed Emily. "Pah!" Added Thomas. Thomas and Emily enjoyed feeling brave. But when they got to the smelters yard, it was very spooky... "Oh my..." Whispered Emily. "Oh dear..." Hissed Thomas. They puffed slowly through the piles of jagged steel and twisted scrap. The air grew hotter, and smoke grew thicker. 'Arry and Bert were lurking nearby. The two diesels saw the chance to scare a couple of steamies... When Thomas and Emily rolled by, they moaned and groaned. It sounded spooky. "What was that?" Snapped Emily. "You said there was no such thing as ghosts!" "Silly make-believe', you said!" Gaspd Thomas. Suddenly, a truck began to shudder and shake. Cinders and ashes!" Cried Thomas. "HELP!" Wailed Emily. "That's a ghost! Let's get away from here!" They didn't know 'Arry and Bert had been bumping the flatbed's buffers. The two naughty diesels were having great fun. Thomas and Emily pulled up to the smelting shed. They gasped at the ghostly shadows and fizzing sparks. Their wheels felt as if they were frozen, but they had to go inside... "I hope the ghost hasn't gone in there..." Quaked Thomas. "Me too!" Quivered Emily. And they both rolled slowly into the smelting shed... Inside, chains clanked and strange shadows danced across the walls. "Must be brave! Must be brave!" Thomas puffed, but it was spooky... Emily was turning round, ready to shunt some trucks. A great whoosh of sparks lit up the shed. "Bust my buffers!" Cried Emily. Emily was scared. She didn't notice the huge white tarpaulin. It fell, covering her from funnel to footplate. "The ghost! It's got me!" She steamed away as fast as her pistons could pump. Thomas thought Emily was the ghost, and he raced out of the smelting shed. "The ghost is after me!" Cried Thomas. 'Arry and Bert thought Emily was the ghost too, and THEY raced away. Thomas was right behind them, and Emily was right behind Thomas. "Help!" Emily cried. "The ghost has got me!" 'Arry, Bert, Thomas and Emily raced towards Tidmouth Sheds. Tidmouth Sheds was quiet and peaceful. All the engines were fast asleep. Thomas' whistle soon woke them up. "It's Thomas!" Cried Percy. "Something must be wrong!" Suddenly, he saw Thomas, 'Arry and Bert racing into the yards. "Stop!" He cried. 'Arry, Bert and Thomas applied their brakes. They stopped just in time. "The ghost is after us!" Whistled Thomas. Percy was scared, but just then, Emily raced under a signal and the tarpaulin flew off. "THAT'S no ghost!" Said Percy. "That's Emily!" The engines didn't feel scared anymore, but they did feel foolish... The Fat Controller arrived wearing his pyjamas. "What is all this fuss and bother?" He boomed. "It has caused confusion and delay!" "But sir!" Cried Thomas. "The flatbeds were rattling!" "And we heard moaning!" Said Emily. "And groaning!" Added Thomas. The Fat Controller looked at 'Arry and Bert. "Do you know anything about this?" He asked sternly. "It was us, sir..." Bert mumbled. "For your punishment, you will go back and collect the iron at once!" Said the Fat Controller. "Yes, sir..." Said 'Arry and Bert, and they rumbled away. Whenever Thomas and Emily went back to the smelters yard, they knew there was nothing to be scared of. After all, there is no such thing as ghosts. It was all silly make-believe...

You Can Do it, Toby!

Toby is a steam tram. He looks very different from the other engines: he is square, and his body is made of wood. Toby isn't as strong as the other engines, but he always tries his hardest. One morning, Toby was delivering some milk trucks. He puffed across the island and up Gordon's Hill. Gordon's Hill was very steep. Toby puffed hard. It was a long climb. Just then, Gordon arrived at the bottom of the hill. But today the express was heavy, and Gordon had to wait for Edward to help. "Bother!" Huffed Gordon. Soon, Edward puffed to the rescue. He buffered up behind Gordon. Edward pushed and Gordon pulled. At last, the express train started to move. Toby had finally reached the top of the hill, when Gordon puffed past. "Slow-coach!" Gordon huffed. "I'm trying me 'ardest!" Gaspd Toby. "Pahhh!" Sniffed Gordon. "You're not even a proper engine!" This made Toby feel very sad... That night, the Fat Controller came to see Toby. "Edward is needed at the docks." The Fat Controller said. "You are to work at Wellsworth Yard in his place." "But I'll never be able to do Edwards job!" Toby cried. "He's a proper steam engine!" "Nonsense." Said the Fat Controller. "You are one of my engines and you must be useful!" Toby was very worried. What if he wasn't useful...? The next morning, Toby puffed nervously out of his shed. "I hope no one needs pushing up Gordon's Hill!" Puffed Toby. Toby wished he was a proper steam engine. At last, Toby arrived at Wellsworth Yard. There were lots of trucks, and they look very heavy. "I'll never be able to shunt all those!" Toby puffed. "You can do it, Toby" Called Thomas. That made Toby feel much better. Then, he started to shunt the trucks. He shunted coal trucks for Henry... And slate trucks for Donald. He even shunted fruit and vegetable trucks for Douglas. "Maybe I can do it!" Toby chuffed. But then, Gordon puffed past. He was pulling the express with lots of coaches. Toby watched as Gordon puffed towards the hill. Gordon puffed with all his might, but once again the express was too heavy. Gordon was stuck. "Bother..." He huffed. Gordon's driver called the yard manager, and the yard manager came to see Toby. "You need to push Gordon to the top of the hill." The yard manager said. "Yes, sir..." Groaned Toby. "But Gordon looked much too heavy for me to push!" Toby puffed nervously. "Don't worry!" Thomas called. "You can do it, Toby!" "I'll do me best..." He puffed, and he chuffed off to Gordon's Hill. When Gordon heard that Toby was coming, he was very cross. "Toby's only a steam tram!" Gordon huffed. "He will never be able to push ME up the hill!" Toby buffered up behind Gordon. Then he pushed with all his might. Gordon didn't move... "Is that the best you can do?" Gordon snorted. "They should have sent a proper engine!" Toby was about to give up. But then, he remembered what Thomas had said. "I can do it! I can do it!" Toby panted. Toby pushed harder and harder. Suddenly, Gordon's wheels started to move. Toby kept pushing. His engines roared, and his axles ached. Gordon moved slowly up the hill. When Percy saw Toby pushing, he blew his whistle with excitement. "You can do it, Toby! Go on!" Cried Percy. Toby huffed, and puffed, and chuffed, but at last, he pushed Gordon right to the top of the hill. Gordon was impressed. Now his express would run on time. Toby was tired, but he was very proud. "I did it!" He puffed excitedly. That night, the Fat Controller came to see Toby. "Today, you were a very usual engine indeed!" He said. "Thank you, sir!" Toby chuffed, and even though Toby was a steam tram, he felt like a proper engine after all.

James Goes Too Far

It was a crisp, cold winter day in the Island of Sodor. Snow lay thick on the ground. The engines were working extra hard. James was pulling the slow goods train. He had stopped at a signal. Percy pulled up alongside carrying the mail. "Hello James!" Said Percy. Then the signal changed to green. "Goodbye James!" Whistled Percy, and he was off in a flash.

"I was here first!" Grumbled James. "Why do I have to wait?" "The mail train is more important than slow goods." Said his driver. Later, when James stopped for water, Thomas was already in front of him. "I have to go first!" Said Thomas excitedly. "I'm a guaranteed connection!" "Everyone has a more important job than me!" Grumbled James. "Nonsense!" Said Thomas. "Everyone knows you're a really useful engine!" But James wanted to be an important engine too... Later that day, the Fat Controller came to see James. "You must take coal to all the stations on the island." He boomed. "If the fires in the waiting room go out, the passengers will get cold and complain. It's a very important job." He added. "You can rely on me, sir!" Said James proudly. The Fat Controller left. James was excited. "An important job!" He said happily. "Pah!" Sniffed Gordon. "It's only a load of coal after all..." "Nonsense!" Snorted James. "I am gonna keep the passengers warm! What could be more important than that?!" And he wheeshed over to the water tower. But there was a queue at the water tank. "Come on!" He steamed impatiently. "I have an important job to do!" "Wait your turn, bossy boiler!" Said Thomas. James felt too important to wait, so he didn't. James rushed to the coaling station. He met Edward waiting at a junction. Edward was looking bothered. He had too many jobs and was feeling puffed out. "Can you take these slate trucks to the quarry?" Edward asked. "Sorry Edward, but I can't!" Puffed James. "I've got the most important job on the island!" And he chuffed grandly away. James arrived at the coaling station. He buffered up to the cold trucks, and was on his way. James was looking forward to delivering his coal. "Now I'm useful and important!" He chuffed happily. Then there was trouble. James puffed harder and harder. He went faster and faster, then he began to feel hotter and hotter. "I don't feel well!" Wailed James, and he had to stop. "Your water tanks have run dry!" His driver told him. "We'll have to wait for help!" Just then, Edward pulled up beside James. "Please, push me to the water tank!" Pleaded James. "I'm sorry." Edward puffed sadly. "You wouldn't take my trucks to the quarry and now I'm running late with my passenger train." And Edward steamed away. Edward stopped and told the signalman all about James. The signalman telephoned for help, and soon Salty was on his way. He pulled up alongside James. "Why didn't you fill up with water this morning, matey?" James told him about the queue at the water tank. "I've heard you were too busy to help Edward, too!" Said Salty. "I was in a hurry!" Protested James. "Mine is the most important job on the island!" "No job is more important than helping another engine!" Said Salty firmly. And deep down in his boiler, James knew Salty was right. Thanks to Salty, James' water tank was soon filled and he was well on his way. He knew he had to make up for lost time. Then James saw Diesel up ahead. He had broken down and look unhappy. James wanted to tease him, but then he remembered what Salty had said. "No job is more important than helping another engine..." He said to himself. "And even Diesel is an engine... Come on, Diesel! I'll push you back to the sheds!" Pushing Diesel and pulling trucks was hard work. At last, James got Diesel to the repair yard. But he still had to deliver his coal. The wind blew, and it was getting colder by the minute. James steamed all over the island delivering coal to the station waiting rooms. Everyone was pleased to see James. Thanks to him, they were all kept toasty warm. The next morning, the Fat Controller came to see James. He knew all about Edward's trucks, and James running out of water. "I'm sorry, sir!" Said James. "I put my own job first!" But you did learn your lesson and you helped Diesel!" The Fat Controller boomed cheerfully. "AND you delivered your coal on time. You, James, are a really useful engine!" James nearly burst with pride. "Thank you, sir!" He said. Being really useful WAS better than feeling important.

Chickens to School

It was a cool summer's night on the Island of Sodor. All the engines were very busy and there were lots of jobs to do. Gordon pulled the express, and Percy took the mail. He delivered letters and parcels across the whole island. Thomas was delivering coal to the coaling plant. It was a very long journey and a very heavy train. Thomas worked all night, puffing through the countryside. At last, Thomas had delivered all the coal. He was very tired. "I'm puffed out!" Said Thomas. "I wish I had some help delivering the coal..." "Pah!" Huffed Gordon. A really useful engine doesn't need help!" Then, the Fat Controller arrived. "I need an engine to run three specials for me." The Fat Controller said. "I can do it!" Puffed Thomas. He was tired, but he wanted to prove he was a really useful engine. "Very well, Thomas. You must take some chickens to the market, sheep to the farm and the children to school." "That's a very big job for a small engine!" Chuffed Gordon. "You're bound to need some help." This made Thomas cross. "Tank engines don't need help!" Snapped Thomas. "We are really useful!" And he puffed away. "Chickens to market; sheep to the farm; children to school." Thomas puffed. First, Thomas collected the chickens. Next, Thomas puffed into the valley. All the sheep were waiting for him. "Come on!" Thomas panted to the sheep. "I'll take you to the farm!" Finally, Thomas trundled into the station. He was very tired. The children's smiling faces made him feel happy, but his axles were aching. The children were all onboard and Thomas puffed away. Thomas puffed up Gordon's Hill, and through Henry's tunnel. It was a very long way. His pistons were pounding and his axles were aching, but Thomas kept puffing. "Chickens to market; sheep to the farm; children to school!" Thomas panted. Thomas was getting more and more tired. He started to get into a muddle. "Sheep to market... Children to farm... Chickens to school..." Yawned Thomas. When Thomas arrived at the market, he was very muddled indeed. "Please! Unload the sheep!" Said Thomas. He should have said chickens, but now the SHEEP were unloaded... Then, Emily arrived. Emily could see that Thomas was tired. "Would you like some help?" Asked Emily. "No, thank you." Puffed Thomas. "Tank engines don't need help." But Thomas DID need help. He was worn out. At last, the sheep were unloaded. Thomas puffed away. "Sheep to market, children to the farm and chickens to school..." Yawned Thomas sleepily. When Thomas got to the farm, he told the children that it was their stop. So all the children got off at Farmer McColl's. Thomas was terribly tired... Finally, Thomas arrived at the school. Only the chickens were left. So the chickens were unloaded... And Thomas puffed back to the sheds... The Fat Controller was in his office. He was getting lots of phone calls. The sheep had knocked over lots of market stalls. The children had seen all the farm animals. And the classroom was full of chickens... At last, Thomas puffed into Tidmouth Sheds. He was looking forward to a nice long sleep. Then, the Fat Controller arrived. "Thomas! You have caused confusion and delay!" He said. The Fat Controller told Thomas what had happened. Thomas WAS upset. He was very tired, and now he had to go and do his jobs all over again! "Don't worry." Said the Fat Controller. "All you need is some help." "Gordon said a really useful engine never needs help!" Moaned Thomas. "Pah!" Laughed Edward. "I'm always helping Gordon up the hill!" Gordon was very embarrassed... "Percy and Edward! You are to help Thomas." The Fat Controller said, so Thomas puffed away with his friends. Percy took the sheep from the market to the farm. Edward took the chickens from the school to the market. And Thomas collected the children. "Sorry!" Thomas puffed to the children. "I didn't mean to take you to the wrong place!" "We don't mind!" Said the children. "We had a grand day out seeing the animals and learning all about the farm!" And that night, when Thomas finally went to sleep, he dreamt about sheep, and chickens, and children.

Too Hot for Thomas

It was a baking hot summer on the Island of Sodor. The Sun was shining brightly. James and Toby were taking the children to the seaside. It was a wonderful job. All the engines liked seeing the children's happy faces, and they loved hearing them cheer when they saw the sea. Thomas wished he was taking the children to the seaside, but Thomas was taking a big tank of raspberry syrup to the ice cream factory. Down on the beach, it was very hot, and the ice cream lady had run out of ice cream. So when Thomas arrived at the ice cream factory, the factory manager was waiting for him. "We have to make lots more ice cream!" He cried. "You must go and get the cream, the chocolate AND the strawberries!" Thomas was disappointed. He had lots to collect, and he wanted to take the children to the seaside. "If we get everything in time..." Said Thomas' driver. "We can still take some children." So Thomas rushed to the dairy. He collected the cream, and he puffed quickly away. Next, Thomas how to collect some strawberries, so he raced through the countryside to Farmer McColl's. Then Thomas had to stop for James. "Out of the way!" Snorted James. "Passenger train coming through!" James' carriages were full of laughing children. They were going to the seaside. "Why does James get to take the children?" Moaned Thomas. At last, the crossing was clear and Thomas puffed away. "If I'm quick, I can still take some of the children." He puffed. So Thomas raced as fast as he could. Soon, Thomas arrived at Farmer McColl's. "Please! Be quick!" Thomas panted. The farm workers loaded his trucks. Before long, they were filled with plump, ripe strawberries. "Thank you!" Thomas chuffed, and he raced away. Next, he had to go to the chocolate factory. Thomas hurried through the baking sun. "I've still got time to take some children to the seaside!" He panted. Thomas puffed faster and faster. His wheels clattered and his pistons pumped. But he puffed so fast, the signalman didn't change the points in time. Thomas raced down the wrong track. "Bother!" Cried Thomas. Thomas had to reverse slowly and carefully back to the points. Then he had to wait while Toby went past. Toby was taking more children to the seaside - they were having a wonderful time. "Everyone gets to take the children except me!" Moaned Thomas. At last, the signalman changed the points. Thomas reversed back onto the track, and soon, he was on his way once again. When Thomas arrived at the chocolate factory, it was very late. "Hurry up!" Cried Thomas. "If I'm quick, I might still get to take some children!" The workmen loaded Thomas' trucks as fast as they could. They were soon filled with heaps of chocolatey cocoa powder. Thomas was ready to go. But the shunters hadn't released the brakes on the trucks. Thomas pulled as hard as he could, but the trucks wouldn't move. "I have to hurry!" Puffed Thomas. He heaved, he huffed and he puffed, and at last, the coupling broke. Thomas shot forward, cocoa powder flew everywhere! "Now I'll never get to take the children!" Puffed Thomas. After a long time, Thomas' trucks were ready. The yard manager had released the brakes, and Thomas chuffed carefully out of the yard. Finally the track turned left past the old church. Thomas arrived at the ice cream factory. He thought his job was nearly done, but he was wrong... The factory manager was waiting for him. "The ice cream will soon be ready." He said. "You must take it to the seaside for me." Thomas was very disappointed. He wished he could take the children to the seaside instead. He wanted to hear them cheer when they saw the sea. Thomas puffed along the coast to the seaside. "I wish I was taking the children..." Sighed Thomas. Percy was waiting at the seaside station, and so were lots of children. They all cheered as Thomas pulled into the station. Thomas was surprised. "Why are all the children cheering?" Puffed Thomas. "They're cheering for you!" Laughed Percy. "They've been waiting for the ice cream!" The children were delighted to see Thomas and delighted to eat the ice cream. Thomas loved seeing the children laugh and cheer. The Fat Controller was waiting with the children. "Today, you have worked extra hard." Said the Fat Controller. "You are a really useful engine!" "Delivering ice cream is a fun job after all!" Puffed Thomas. He was very happy.

Percy and the Magic Carpet

It was a windy day on the Island of Sodor. Trees were blown, leaves with scattered, and the Fat Controller's hat flew away... The engines were looking forward to the annual Sodor Flower Show. At Tidmouth Sheds, the Fat Controller had news of an important special. "It must get to Maithwaite Station before the world-famous opera singer Alicia Botti arrives." He boomed. Alicia Botti was coming to open the Flower Show. The engines were very excited. They all wanted to collect the special, but the Fat Controller gave the job to Percy. Percy was delighted! But after the Fat Controller left, Gordon and James were sniffy. "It can't be that special..." Boasted Gordon. "Or the Fat Controller would have sent me!" "Or me!" Added James. "A red engine would be just the thing!" Percy wondered what the special could be. He steamed out of Tidmouth Sheds as fast as he could. Percy arrived at Brendam Docks, just as Cranky unloaded his special. Percy was disappointed to see it was a roll of carpet. "What's so special about a carpet?" He wheeshed gloomily. "Maybe it's a magic carpet!" Said Salty. "I've heard tell o' them that can fly! Do you know any magic words?" Said Salty. "You mean like 'Please'?" Asked Percy hopefully. "No, Percy!" Said Salty. "Other magic words like 'Hey, Presto!', 'Hocus-pocus!' and 'Abracadabra!' Cranky had lowered the carpet onto Percy's flatbed. "It doesn't look very magic..." Said Percy sadly. But as Percy puffed away, the carpet unrolled, as if by magic...

Percy puffed as quickly as he could. He had to stop at a junction. Gordon was waiting there. When Gordon saw what Percy's special was, he sniffed louder than ever. "A carpet?! No wonder the Fat Controller gave the job to a small engine!" Just then, the wind whistled and whirled, and the carpet flew into the air. "Look!" Percy cried. "It IS a magic carpet! It can fly!" "That's not magic!" Snorted Gordon. "THAT'S just the wind!" Murdoch passed by pulling a long train, and the carpet suddenly dropped onto one of his trucks. "It IS a magic carpet!" Wailed Percy. "And it's going without me!" Percy chased after Murdoch. "Wait for me!" He cried "Please! Wait!"

But Murdoch didn't hear Percy. Murdoch passed through Maron Station. James was taking on passengers. "Help!" Percy cried. "Murdoch has got my magic carpet!" "There's no such thing as a magic carpet!" Huffed James. Just then, the carpet lifted off Murdoch's truck, and glided onto Toby's roof. "See?!" Cried Percy. "It IS magic! It can fly!" Percy raced after Toby. Until finally, Toby pulled into Kellsthorpe Station. Percy pulled in as fast as he could. "Wait!" Cried Percy. And Toby didn't move, but the carpet did... It flew off Toby, and landed on the tracks. "Help!" Cried Percy. "My magic carpet!" Gordon was even less impressed than before... "Still trying to make your little job look important?" He grumbled. Then there was trouble... Thomas was coming, and he was on the same track as the carpet. So Percy and Gordon blew their whistles as loud as they could. But Thomas couldn't stop in time. "I'll say a magic word!" Cried Percy. "Hey, Presto! Hocus-pocus! Abracadabra!" He cried. But the carpet didn't move... "Please?!" Puffed Percy hopefully. Suddenly, the wind whistled and the carpet flapped. It lifted off the tracks and fluttered onto Percy's flatbed. "IT IS MAGIC!" Gaspd Gordon. "And I'm going to be late!"

Puffed Percy. Percy's driver had tied the carpet down, and Percy steamed off as fast as he could. Percy puffed into Maithwaite Station. The Fat Controller was waiting for him. Percy told him about the magic carpet. "It tried to get away!" He gasped. "And cause confusion and delay!"

The Fat Controller laughed. "Ho! Ho! Ho! There's no such thing as a magic carpet!" He boomed. "But you, Percy, are on time and a really useful engine!" Percy felt very proud. Soon the carpet was unloaded and put into place. Gordon arrived with Alicia Botti. And the Flower Show was an enormous success. And even though the Fat Controller had said the carpet wasn't magic, Percy and Gordon were not so sure...

